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THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN®

HAWKEYE'S REVENGE™

KAVANAGH ◆ ABNETT ◆ CHEUNG ◆ MCKENNA

THE *ELIZA JO* WAS RUNNING OUT OF SAN DIEGO HARBOR AT 20:15 WHEN IT WAS SEIZED.

THE HIJACKERS DEMANDED A TWELVE-FIGURE SUM FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF SENATOR OAKFIELD, HIS WIFE, AND THE CREW.

OAKFIELD'S ANTI-DRUG CAMPAIGNING HAD CLEARLY GOTTEN *SOMEONE'S* ATTENTION.

THE HIJACK DEMAND WAS FOOLISHLY SENT VIA THE INTERNET.

I GOT HERE THREE MINUTES AFTER IT WAS *FLAGGED* BY MY MONITORS.

THE SITUATION WAS *REMEDIED* NINE SECONDS AFTER THAT.

I HEAR IT BEFORE I SEE IT. THREAT ANALYSIS HAS IT TRACKED AND PLOTTED BEFORE I EVEN *TURN*.

HIGH-DECIBEL SIGNAL ARROW ...A *WARNING* FROM A MAN *TOO HONORABLE* TO SHOOT ME IN THE BACK...

THAT'S WHEN THE FIREWORKS *REALLY* START.

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...HAWKEYE!

YOU AN' ME, STARK! RIGHT HERE, RIGHT **NOW!**

INNOCENT EYES

TERRY KAVANAGH PLOT
DAN ABNETT SCRIPT
OLIVEIRA/CHEUNG/LABAT PENCILS
GARCIA INKS
McKENNA
PHIL FELIX LETTERER
JOHN KALISZ COLORIST

MALIBU - COMPUTER COLOR

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ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, HAWKEYE?

THOOOM

BLAST ARROW ROCKS ME, BUT I *KNOW* HE CAN DO *WORSE.*

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THIS SINCE I FOUND THE EVIDENCE THAT POINTED TO HIM BEING THE *MURDERER* IN OUR MIDST.

I WANT WHAT'S DUE ME, STARK! THE TRUTH! ALL OF IT...

...LIKE WHY YOU FRAMED **ME** AS A KILLER!

LASER ARROW.

TZCHAK

SONIC.

ZEEEEE

FREEZE.

CHOOM

HIS ANGER RAINS DOWN ON ME FROM HIS BOW. ACID. GLUE.

TASER. GAS.

WIRE.

THIS DISPLAY DOESN'T EVEN DESERVE THE COURTESY OF *FLINCHING.*

IF YOU WANT THE *TRUTH,* WE *TALK.*

USING ME AS A *TRICK-SHOT TARGET* WILL GET US *NOWHERE.*

I ALERTED THE AVENGERS TO THE FORENSIC AND VIDEO EVIDENCE BECAUSE OF THE NATURE OF THE CRIMES--THE MURDERS OF YELLOWJACKET AND MARILLA AT THE AVENGERS MANSION.

IN MY HEART, HOWEVER, I'VE NEVER BEEN TRULY CONVINCED OF HIS GUILT. I'VE KNOWN HAWKEYE TOO LONG TO BELIEVE HE'S CAPABLE OF THAT.

IF HE'S COME HERE NOW WITH PROOF TO CLEAR HIMSELF, I'LL BE OVERJOYED.

BUT THIS POINTLESS ASSAULT HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH.

A WIDE-ANGLE REPULSOR BURST FLICKS THE AVENGER QUINJET OUT FROM UNDER HIM.

...AND LANDS ON THE DECK AS HIS FLUTTERING CHARIOT HITS THE WATER.

YOU KNOW I WAS FRAMED FOR THE MURDERS, IRON MAN--

--BECAUSE ONLY YOU AND THE TECHNOLOGIES OF STARK ENTERPRISES COULD HAVE PULLED IT OFF SO PERFECTLY!

ARE YOU INSANE, CLINT?

DO YOU SERIOUSLY THINK I WOULD DO THAT TO YOU?

HE DIVES CLEAR... AN OLD, CAP-TAUGHT MOVE...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I THINK!

A FEW HOURS AGO, A HIGH-TECH HIT SQUAD TRIED TO SMOKE ME... AND BLACK WIDOW, JIM RHODES AND U.S. AGENT IN THE BARGAIN.*

SOMEONE FRAMED ME, SOMEONE WANTS ME DEAD. WHATEVER I THINK ABOUT YOU, YOU'RE THE ONLY LEAD I HAVE. I'M NOT LEAVING TILL WE SQUARE THIS... ONE WAY OR THE OTHER!

*SEE WAR MACHINE #21. --NEL

THEN LISTEN TO ME...

...I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE A KILLER ANY MORE THAN YOU BELIEVE I FRAMED YOU. THE SITUATION IS DESPERATELY WRONG.

I NEED YOU WITH ME TO DO THAT. LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS.

...OKAY. I'M STILL LISTENING...

WE'RE BEING TOYED WITH, CLINT... ALL OF US. AND I WANT TO FIND THE TRUTH AS MUCH AS YOU.

TONY... I...

PLACE CUT...

...A BUNKER DEEP IN THE ICY WASTES OF THE ARCTIC. REMOTE, ALONE, ANONYMOUS...

...AN UNLIKELY LOCALE FOR HOUSE ARREST.

I TRUST THERE'S EVERYTHING HERE YOU REQUIRE?

OH, SURE, MEIN HOST. FOOD, DRINK, FOUR SOLID WALLS. EVERYTHING EXCEPT STARK.

HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT?

NOT THAT I'M GETTING TIRED OF YOUR GENIAL COMPANY, MACHINESMITH.

I'M AS IMMUNE TO YOUR SARCASM AS I AM TO MISS RODGERS' TELEKINETIC TALENTS, MASQUE.

SO YOU CLAMPED THAT PSIONIC-BAFFLER TO THE BACK OF HER CRANIUM BECAUSE IT MATCHED HER HAIR, RIGHT?

THIS WAITING IS DRIVING ME NUTS.

THE CHIEF WILL RETURN SOON.

FINE.

THEN HOW ABOUT A LITTLE PENNE NEAPOLITAN? THERE'S ENOUGH FOR THREE.

ROBOTS DO NOT REQUIRE FOOD, MASQUE.

BZZT!

BESIDES, THAT'S A SUMMONS FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE.

NEWS OF MR. STARK, NO DOUBT.

MISSING YOU ALREADY, SLAPHEAD.

BON APPÉTIT, LADIES. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

DON'T TRY ANYTHING *STUPID* WHILE I'M GONE.

NOW'S OUR CHANCE, WHILE HE'S OUT OF THE ROOM.

BUT I THOUGHT--!

GET A GRIP, RODGERS!

I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO GET US OUT OF HERE!

OH, MY GOD!

CABE! BETHANY CABE!

...NO PROBLEMS SO FAR, CHIEF.

RODGERS AND MASQUE ARE BEING UNEX-PECTEDLY COOPERATIVE... WITH ME *AND* EACH OTHER.

HOWEVER, THEY'RE BOTH VERY ANXIOUS FOR YOU TO RETURN.

CAN WE EXPECT YOU BACK SHORTLY?

I HAVE SOME **BUSINESS** TO ATTEND TO FIRST. I'LL BE UP THERE AS SOON AS IT'S TAKEN CARE OF.

I WANT THEM LOOKED AFTER, MACHINESMITH. NO HARM MUST COME TO *EITHER* OF THEM. I DON'T HAVE TO REMIND YOU THAT IF THEY GET OUT OF THE BUNKER, EXPOSURE WILL KILL THEM IN *MINUTES.*

THEY'RE SAFE IN MY HANDS, CHIEF.

TONY!

WE'RE THERE! I'M SETTING THE QUINJET FOR FINAL APPROACH...

...JUST HOPE THAT YOUR **BATTING** IT INTO THE *SEA* HASN'T SCREWED WITH THE SYSTEMS!

DON'T WORRY, CLINT! I BUILD THEM TO LAST!

TAKE US IN NICE AND SLOW, OKAY? NONE OF YOUR *THEATRICS.*

WE DON'T WANT TO RUFFLE ANY FEATHERS, RIGHT?

I MEAN... WE DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF **RECEPTION** WE'RE GOING TO GET HERE...

THE VAN DYNE ESTATE, SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.

SINCE THE CLOSURE AND QUARANTINE OF THE NEW YORK MANSION, THIS HAS BECOME THE ERSATZ HEADQUARTERS OF EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES.

NOW, AS THE QUINJET REPORTED STOLEN BY THE BLACK WIDOW SETTLES ON THE LAWN, THE RESIDENTS DO WHAT THEY ARE JUSTLY FAMOUS FOR...

...AND ASSEMBLE TO MEET THE INTRUDERS.

HANG FIRE, QUICKSILVER! WE HAVE NO IDEA WHO'S ABOARD THAT SHIP!

THEN THE SOONER WE FIND OUT...!

COULD IT BE THE WIDOW D'YOU THINK, JARVIS?

GIVEN THE CURRENT CLIMATE FOR SURPRISES, MISS DEATHCRY, I RATHER DOUBT IT.

PLEASE, CHILD, DON'T STRUGGLE SO...

WELL, I'LL BE...

HEY, GUYS...

LOOK! LOOK!

...TWO MORE FOR DINNER, OKAY? WHAT D'YA SAY?

THE NERVE OF STARK TO SHOW UP AT MY HOME AGAIN AFTER HE'S BANKRUPTED ME...!

SHARRA'S CLAWS! LUNA!

HOW EXTRAORDINARY! THE CHILD FLED THE MOMENT SHE SAW MASTER TONY...

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, HAWKEYE...

PYM? PYM? I DON'T WANNA FIGHT! PYM!

YAAAAGHH!

WELCOME BACK, SHORT-STOP! WE SURE HAVE MISSED YOU!

FRIENDS... WE NEED TO TALK.

THAT MUCH IS CERTAIN, IRON MAN.

WELL, LADIES. YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT *WAS* MR. STARK.

HE'LL BE HERE SOON.

GOOD. I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL *NEGLECTED.*

AND HOW WAS DINNER?

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG. MACHINE-SMITH NOTES IT AT ONCE.

SOMETHING ABOUT MASQUE'S TONE, AND THE STIFFNESS OF THEIR BODY LANGUAGE. HE ADJUSTS THE RESOLUTION OF HIS OPTIC ARRAY...

...SCANNING THE BACK OF MARIANNE RODGERS' NECK.

DINNER WAS FINE.

THEN HOW ABOUT DESSERT?

...EAT.

OH.

I THOUGHT ROBOTS DIDN'T...

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO DETACH MARIANNE'S INHIBITOR, BUT I ASSURE YOU I *WILL* FIRE IF SHE TRIES TO USE HER RAW TELEKINESIS ON ME.

WHO NEEDS TELEKINESIS?

TZZAKK!

WHKRAK!

THE BLOW IS GRACEFUL, FLUID, ASTONISHING. CERAMIC BONES AND NYLOTHENE TENDONS SNAP AS MACHINESMITH'S SKULL IS WHIPPED 'ROUND. HIS THREATENED SHOT GOES WILD...

TZAM!

AIGHHH!

OH, BIG MISTAKE, MACHINE-MAN...

SKUNTCH

...I MIGHT'VE GONE EASY ON YOU IF YOU HADN'T PULLED THAT TRIGGER!

WHH-

CHAK

...THOUGH NOT WILD ENOUGH.

THAT WAS A *TASER* YOU HIT HER WITH, RIGHT, MACHINE-SMITH?

SHE BETTER STILL BE *BREATHING.*

YEAH, THERE'S A PULSE...

...AND THE PSIONIC-BAFFLER STILL IN PLACE.

NOT THAT YOU'LL BE *REPEATING* THE ERROR.

THANKS FOR THE "USE" OF YOUR *FACE,* RODGERS.

NOW, SLEEP TIGHT. AS SOMEONE ONCE SAID, I'M GOING OUT-SIDE...

...AND I MAY BE *SOME TIME.*

THE VAN DYNE RESIDENCE...

...AND THE COTATI SWORDSMAN WAS THE LAST THING I EXPECTED TO SEE OUT THERE IN THE WOODS.

I CAN CORROBORATE SWORDSMAN'S STORY, AND WE HAVE LOGGED THE INCIDENT* IN THE RECORDS.

THE COTATI WAS INTENT ON DELIVERING SOME WARNING. THAT INTENT WAS FOILED BY THE SUBSEQUENT ATTACK.

*SEE AVENGERS #392. --NEL

TWO WARRIORS OF FORMIDABLE POWER, AND A GIRL IN SOME SORT OF THRONE. THEY MANIFESTED THROUGH A PORTAL AND ATTACKED...

...AND THEN ESCAPED THE WAY THEY HAD COME, TAKING THE COTATI WITH THEM.

THOUGH I CAN FIND NO TRACE OF THE TRIO IN MY MEMORY...

...THEY SEEMED SOMEHOW FAMILIAR TO ME.

ANOTHER MYSTERY FOR OUR PENDING FILE, VISION?

I'M BEGINNING TO PRAY FOR A COMMON THEME TO EMERGE.

AS AM I, BUT SOMEHOW IT'S BEEN IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE SENSE OF ANYTHING SINCE THE MURDERS...

...AYE, CLINT... 'TWAS THE ODDEST THING! JUST THERE IN THE GLADE, AS IF WAITING FOR US...

HOLD UP, HERC!

SINCE WHEN DID CLOSETS SOB?

SOB! SOB!

WHOA... LUNA Z!

IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR HIDE-AND-SEEK, DON'CHA THINK?

LOOK WHO WE FOUND, HIDING IN THE HALLWAY CLOSET.

SHE'S REAL UPSET, GUYS, SPOOKED ABOUT SOMETHING.

YOU DON'T THINK SHE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING WE DON'T? SOMETHING SHE SAW AT OUR REUNION THAT'S GOT HER ACTING THIS WAY?

I HAVE OBSERVED THAT THE CHILD'S BEHAVIOR HAS BEEN IRREGULAR THESE LAST FEW DAYS.

HAWKEYE MAY BE CORRECT IN SUGGESTING SHE WITNESSED SOMETHING ON THE NIGHT OF THE KILLINGS. AND THERE IS A WAY TO FIND OUT...

HANK'S IMAGE-INDUCER HAS SERVED US WELL IN THE PAST...

CRYS?

FORGET IT! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D EVEN CONSIDER IT, PIETRO!

OUR DAUGHTER IS NOT GOING TO BE MIND-PROBED BY ANYONE!

WHAT ABOUT ME?

TONY?

I WAS ONE OF THE FEW PEOPLE PRESENT AT THE MANSION ALL DAY.

USE THE INDUCER ON ME.

IT TAKES HANK PYM SCARCELY FIFTEEN MINUTES TO CALIBRATE THE DEVICE IN HIS DOWNSTAIRS LAB.

SILENT, **AWKWARD**, THE AVENGERS STAND AND WATCH AS FRAGMENTS OF **MEMORY** WEAVE THEMSELVES **SOLID** IN THE DUSTY AIR. IT IS **UNNERVING** TO SEE A MAN'S MIND LAID **BARE** LIKE THIS...

...TO SEE HIS PRIVATE THOUGHTS MADE **HOLOGRAMATIC** FLESH.

A QUIET, REMINISCING STROLL THROUGH THE OLD HALLWAYS OF HIS CHILDHOOD HOME...

...AN UNDERSTANDING REACHED WITH WANDA MAXIMOFF, THE **SCARLET WITCH**, HIS LONG-TIME FRIEND AND LEADER OF THE TEAM THAT WAS HIS BRAIN-CHILD, **FORCE WORKS**...

...AND FIVE CARD **DRAW**, NOTHING WILD, JACKS OR BETTER TO OPEN...

...THE GRINNING FACE OF X-MAN **HANK McCOY**, TOO SELDOM A VISITOR THESE DAYS...

...AND, LAST, A REAFFIRMING MOMENT SHARED AT MIDNIGHT WITH **BLACK WIDOW**...

BUT IN THE END...

NOTHING?! THAT'S IT?

SORRY, CLINT.

IT WAS, TO EMPLOY THE IDIOM, **WORTH A SHOT.**

THE ARCTIC.

MINUS THIRTY AND DROPPING.

KEENING WIND LIKE A HORIZONTAL GUILLOTINE.

SWIRLING ICE-FLAKES LIKE RAZOR BLADES.

AND MASQUE.

MOVING SOUTH, ONE STEP AT A TIME...

IN SOUTHAMPTON, MEMORIES ARE CONJURED UP FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT NIGHT.

BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL, INNOCENT THOUGHTS THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE BEEN DISTURBED BUT FOR THIS GRAVE NECESSITY.

A GENTLE KISS FROM MOMMY TO WAKE HER...

SHE'LL BE OKAY, CRYS. HANK KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.

HE EVEN MOVED THE INDUCER UP HERE TO THE LOUNGE SO SHE'D BE MORE COMFORTABLE.

I KNOW, PIET, IT'S JUST...

IT'S THE ONLY WAY, CRYSTAL.

...PRETENDING SLEEP TO WIN ANOTHER FROM DADDY AS HE COMES IN...

...AND THEN THE GIRL, YELLOWJACKET -- OUTSIDE IN THE DARK...

...OUTSIDE IN THE DARK WITH THE MAN WHO KILLED HER.

WE NEED TO KNOW WHAT SHE SAW.

...NEXT, MARILLA... THESE SOFT THOUGHTS TEAR AT EVERYONE'S HEART.

THE MAN. THE VERY BAD MAN.

M-MOMMY! MOMMY!

I... NEVER MEANT FOR THIS TO HAPPEN.

FOR YOU TO KNOW. THAT WASN'T THE WAY IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE.

I'M SORRY.

NOW...

YOU MUST ALL DIE...

EASY, MY LOVE!

ENOUGH! WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH! HAVEN'T WE...

STARK.

THE WHINE OF THE REPULSOR CHARGE BUILDS LIKE A STORM ROLLING IN ON THEM ALL...

FAR AWAY, ANOTHER TIME AND PLACE.

HIGH UP, OVER-LOOKING IT ALL, SHE KNOWS.

SEPULCHRAL TOWERS STAND GAUNT BENEATH THE SLOWLY DYING STARS.

SHE FEELS THE STORM RIDING IN ACROSS THE LEVEES OF TIME, WIPING ALL BEFORE IT.

SHE HEARS, FAR OFF, THE PHANTOM BLAST OF REPULSORS LOOSED IN RAGE.

AND SHE LAUGHS, SOFTLY, TO HERSELF. A LAUGH OF TRIUMPH.

SHE IS MANTIS, AND SHE HAS BROKEN THEM AT LAST...

CONTINUES IN... AVENGERS #393, FORCE WORKS #19, WAR MACHINE #22, & IRON MAN #324...!

NEXT ISSUE:

SO FAR TO FALL...